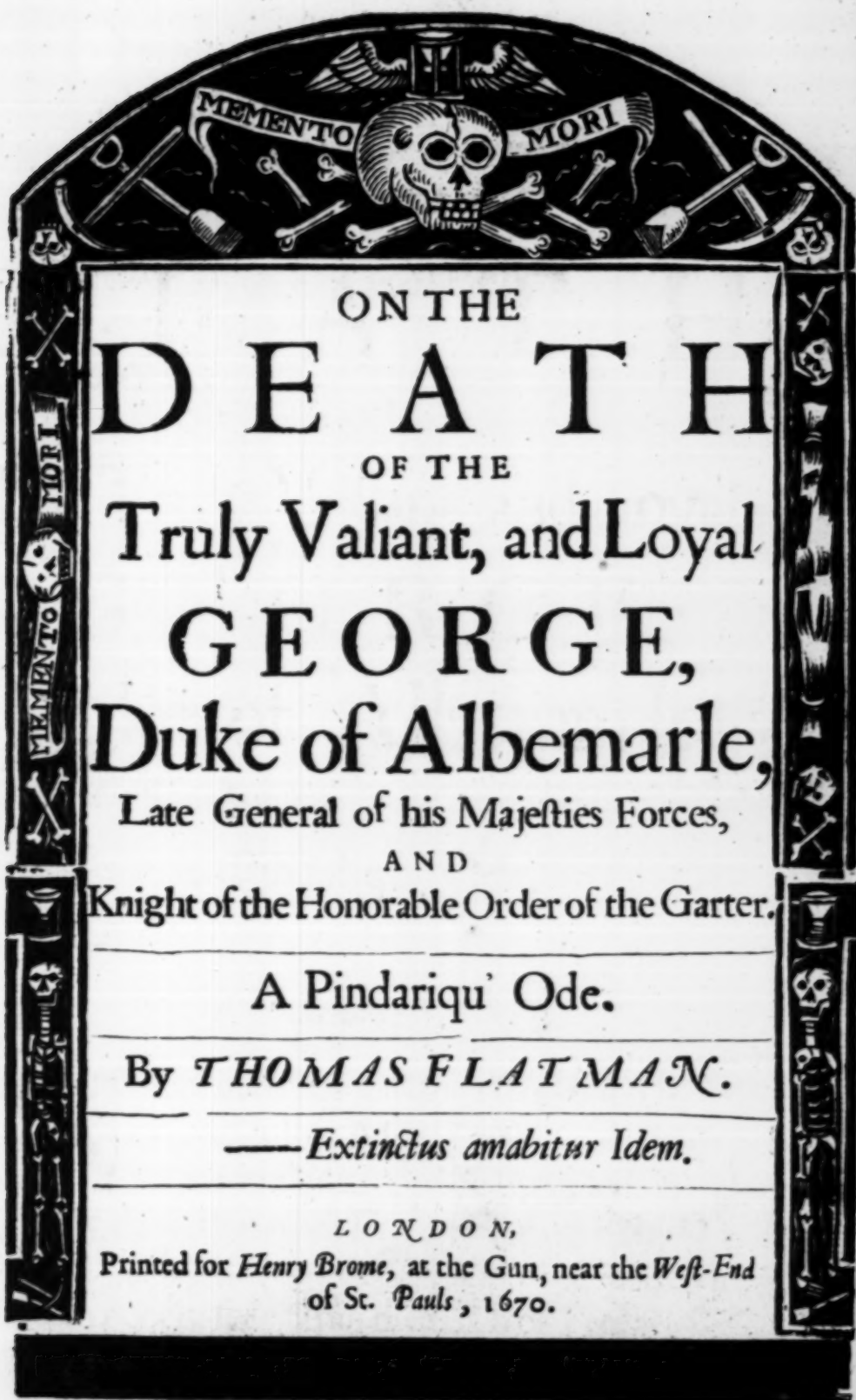


27



ON THE
D E A T H
OF THE
Truly Valiant, and Loyal
G E O R G E,
Duke of Albemarle,
Late General of his Majesties Forces,
AND
Knight of the Honorable Order of the Garter.

A Pindariqu' Ode.

By *THOMAS FLATMAN*.

— *Extinctus amabitur Idem.*

L O N D O N,
Printed for *Henry Brome*, at the Gun, near the West-End
of St. Pauls, 1670.



ON THE
DEATH
OF THE
Truly Valiant and Loyal
GEORGE
Duke of Albemarle
Lieut. General of the British Forces
in Flanders
Who died at the Siege of Maastricht
on the 2nd of September 1704
Aged 34 Years
By J. H. [illegible]
Printed for J. H. [illegible] at the Sign of the [illegible]
in St. Pauls Church-yard 1705

(1)

ON THE
DEATH
OF
The Truly Valiant, and Loyal
GEORGE,
Duke of Albemarle.

A Pindarick Ode.

Stanza I.

NOW blush thy self into Confusion,
Ridiculous Mortality!
With Indignation to be trampled on
By them that court Eternity;
Whose generous deeds, and prosp'rous state
Seem poorly set within the reach of Fate:

A 2

Whose

Whose every Trophy, and each Laurel Wreath
 Depends upon a little breath :
 Confin'd within the narrow bounds of Time
 And of incertain Age,
 With doubtful hazards they engage, (clime,
 Thrown down, while Victory bids them higher
 Their Glories are eclips'd by Death ;
 Hard circumstances of Illustrious Men,
 Whom Nature (like the *Scythian* Prince) detains
 Within the Bodies Chains,
 Nature that rigorous *Tamberlain*.
 Stout *Bajazet* disdain'd the barbarous Rage
 Of that insulting Conquerour ;
 Bravely himself usurp'd his own expiring Power,
 By dashing out his Brains against his Iron Cage.

II.

But 'tis indecent to complain,
 And wretched Mortals curse their Stars in vain ;
 In vain they waste their tears for them that dye,
 Themselves involv'd in the same destiny.
 No more with sorrow let it then be said,
 The Glorious *Albemarle* is dead :

Let

Let what is said of him Triumphant be;
 Words as gay as is his Fame,
 And as manly as his Name,
 An *Epinicion* not Elegy.
 Yet why should'st thou (ambitious Muse) believe
 Thy gloomy Verse can any splendors give,
 Or make him one small moment longer live?
 Nothing but what is vulgar thou canst say,
 And misbecoming numbers sing:
 VVhat tribute to his Memory canst thou pay,
 Whose Virtue sav'd three Realms, and could oblige
 (a King

III.

Many a year distressed, *Albion* lay,
 By her unnatural off-spring torn,
 Once the worlds terror, then its scorn,
 At home a Prison, and abroad a Prey :
 Her valiant Youth, her valiant Youth did kill,
 And mutual Blood did spill :
 Usurpers then, and many a Mushrome Peer
 VVithin her Palaces did domineer ;
 There did the bloody Vultur build his nest,
 There the Owls and Satyrs rest,
 By *Zim*, and *Ohim* all posselt :
 B Till

Till (*Englands Angel-Guardian*) thou
 With pity, and with anger mov'd
 For *Albion* thy belov'd,
 (Olive-chaplets on thy brow) (head,
 VVith bloodless hands held'st up her drooping
 And with thy Trumpets call'dst her from the dead.
 Bright *Phosphor* to the rising Sun!
 That *Royal Lamp* by thee did first appear
 Usher'd into our happy *Hemisphere* :
 O may it still shine warm, and clear!
 No cloud, nor night approach It, but a constant Noon!

IIII.

Nor here did thy undaunted Valour cease,
 Or wither with unactive peace :
 Scarce were our civil Broils allay'd,
 VVhile yet the wound of an intestine VVar
 Had left a tender Scar ;
 When (of our new prosperities afraid)
 Our jealous Neighbours fatal Arms prepare :
 In floating Groves the Enemy drew near,
 Loud did the *Belgian Lion* roar ;
 Upon our Coasts th' *Armada* did appear,
 And boldly durst attempt our native shore.

Till

Till His victorious Squadrons check'd their
 And did in triumph o're the Ocean ride. (pride,
 Under a gallant *Admiral* He fought
YORK, whose success a taller muse must sing;
 Who so his Country lov'd, that he forgot

He was the *Brother of a King*.

Whose daring courage might inspire
 A meaner Soul than His with Martial Fire.
 With Thunder, Lightning, and with Clouds of
 He did their insolence restrain, (Smoke
 And gave His dreadful Law to all the Main,
 Whose surly Billows trembled when He spoke,
 And crouch'd their willing necks under His Yoke.
 This the stupendious *Vanquisher* has done,
 Whose high prerogative it was alone,
 To raise a ruin'd, and secure an envy'd Throne.

V.

Then angry Heav'n began to frown,
 From Heav'n a wasting Pestilence came down
 On every side did Lamentations rise,
 Baleful sigh, and heavy groan,
 All was plaint, and all was moan !
 The pious Friend with trembling love,
 Scarce had his latest kindness done

In

In sealing up his dead Friends Eyes
 Ere with his own surprizing Fate he strove,
 And wanted one to close his own.
 With Iron Scepter Death bore all the sway
 O're our Imperial *Golgotha*.
 Yet he with kind, tho' undisturbed eyes,
 Durst stay and see those numerous Butcheries.
 He in the Field had seen Death's grisly Face,
 Heard him in Niter talk aloud;
 Beheld his grandeur in a glittering croud,
 And un-amaz'd seen him in Cannons Gape.
 Ever unterrify'd his Valour stood
 Like some tall Rock amidst a Sea of Blood.
 'Twas Loyalty from Sword and Pest sav'd Him
 The safest *Armour*, and the best *Preservative*. (alive,

VI.

The Flaming *City* next implor'd His Aid,
 Successfully it pray'd (obey'd.
 His Force against the Fire, whose Arms the Sea
 Wide did the impetuous Torrent spread
 Then those goodly Fabricks fell;
 Temples themselves promiscuously there
 Dropt down, and in the common Ruine bury'd
 The *City* turn'd into one *Mongibell*. (were,
 That

That haughty Tyrant shook his curled head,
 His breath with vengeance black, his face with red.
 Then every cheek grew wan and pale,
 Every heart began to fail :
 And had not our *Annointed's* flame
 (From heaven towards his Subjects sent.)
 Out-blaz'd the furious Element,
 What could the furious Element tame?
 Nought but thy presence could it power suppress,
 Whose stronger light put out the less.
 As *London's* noble structures rise
 Together shall thy memory grow, (owe
 To whom that beauteous Town so much does
 For its reviv'd tranquillities :
London! joint-Favourite with Him thou wert ;
 As Both took up a room within our heart,
 So now with thine indulgent Sovereign joyn,
 Respect His great Friend's Ashes, for he wept o're
 (thine.

VII.

Thus did the *Duke* conclude His mighty stage,
 Thus did that *Atlas* of our state
 With His prodigious acts amaze the Age,
 While worlds of wonder on his shoulders sate :

Full of glories, and of years
 He trod His shining, and immortal way,
 VVhilst *Albion* compass'd with new Seas of tears
 Befought His longer stay.
 Saucy that pen that dares describe Thy bliss,
 Or write Thine *Apotheosis*! (strove,
 Whom Heaven; and thy Prince to pleasure
 Entrusted with their Armies, and their Love.
 In other Courts tis dangerous to *Deserve*,
 Thou didst a kind, and grateful *Master* serve,
 VVho (to express his gratitude to Thee)
 Scorn'd those ill-natur'd Arts of Policy.
 Happy had *Belisarius* bin,
 (VVhose forward fortune was his Sin)
 By many victories undone,
 He had not liv'd neglected, dy'd obscure,
 If for Thy *Prince* those Battels he had won,
 Thy *Prince*, magnificent above his *Emperour*.

VIII.

Among the *Gods*, those *Gods* that dy'd like Thee,
 As great as theirs, and full of Majesty
 Thy sacred Dust shall sleep secure,
 Thy Monument as long as theirs endure:
 There

There, free from envy, Thou with them
Shalt have Thy share of *Diadem*.

Amongst their Badges shall be set

Thy *Garter* and Thy *Coronet* :

Or (what is statelier) Thou shalt have

A *Mausolæum* in thy Princes breast,

There thine embalmed name shall rest ;

That Sanctuary shall thee save

From the dishonours of the Grave :

And every wondrous History,

Read by incredulous Posterity, (Thee

That write's of *Him*, shall honourably mention

Who by an *humble Loyalty* hast shown

How much sublimer gallantry, and renown

Tis to *Restore*, than to *Usurp*, a *Monarch's Crown*.

F I N I S.
